

BANAMADI

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BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

Things Which Concerned us not Long Ago



NALL this confusion about politics-and politics, per se, seems Paramount, we haven't heard for lo, these many days, anything about the Just Freight Rate Association of North Carolina, For

long time this wonderful combination politicians and hot air artists had the people up in the air; had them thinking that they were being despoiled before breakfast and after breakfast-but what has happened to the Association?

Surely, if it was in eachest, if it was honest, it would not disband and give no notice of its removal. The people haven't heard a bloomin' thing about it lately. They wonder.

They wonder as well what has become of the Cape Fear and Yadkin Valley railroad project—the dead one for so many years and to be rejuvenated under the Sherman law. Nothing doing and yet the state went to much expense -and where is the great Attorney General of the great democratic Administration that was just about to eat the Southern railway alive because it bought a railroad and made a desirable property out of it?

Where is the talk and wonder about Greensboro being bottled up and unable to give manufacturers a show and where are those men who wanted to crucify the only railway we had?

We are not complaining. We were ready to join in the amusements that added to the gayety of nations, but what we can't understand is, that if these things were true yesterday why are they not true today-and why the abandonment of a cause that was righteous if

it was righteous. Wonder if politics played any part in all this propaganda that stirred the state? Maybe not, and therefore that is why we hear but little concerning these vital things when a campaign

Below The Belt.

We believe in fair play, and the esteemed Charlotte Observer strikes the blood hound below the belt-that is if a blood hound is foolish enough to wear a belt. It says:

We thought so. A few weeks ago when word got out that Wilmington was going to place dependence on the bloodhounds for catching thieves, The Observer said that city might expect to become an easy mark for the gentry. The Star is now reporting "a wave of robberies" sweeping that town. Better ship the dogs and advertise the fact, when things might be expected to assume the normal there in respect to burglaries.

The beloved blood hound finds little endorse ment in the press of this great commonwealth. But the blood hound still abides with us, and the officers of the law who now and then get busy use him-successfully. Not a success as thief catcher, but the bill of expense is "most in generally" allowed. We have never yet stated our position on this blood hound business, and do not intend to until after election. It might hurt our chances. We believe in walking in gum shoes while the campaign is on. This thing of expressing yourself often gets one into trouble. That is why we are occupying neutral ground concerning Dr. Johnson's bold utterance that a pair of mules is better business than a pair of blood hounds. However, the Observer has been guilty of a breach of promise or neutrality or something like that.

Mr. Grissom writes some letters to show, it looks, like he belongs to the Junior Order which hasn't any politics in it.

Germany In It.

The submarine business is extra hazardous -but Germany understands that she can get a whole lot of gold by sending valuable cargoes to this country. Her only hope was to come under cover-to come under the sea. Wasn't that a daring dream? But Germany dreamed it and her inventors made the way. No doubt but what within a year or two, should the war continue. Germany will be running a regular line of merchant submarines into this country -and each ship discharging valuable cargoes. Indeed, it is a wonderful thing—this inventive genius of man.

One Week From Tomorrow.

One week from tomorrow there will be great election pulled. If the weather is at all propitious we hope to go fishing and see if there isn't something doing. We shall vote early-but not late, and allow the Nation to take care of itself while we undertake to take care of the bass coming our way.

Only a few days until Christmas-do your Christmas shopping now.

Senior Senator Talked to The Democrats in Greensboro.



ENATOR SIMMONS made a talk in Greensboro Monday. The last time the Senator had spoken here he filled the opera house. Then he wasn't talking for party, he was talking for Simmons. Kitchin and Brooks and other big men in the democratic party were

out with their rhetoric and their spell-binding views telling that Simmons had voted for Lorimer, the convicted democratic United States Senator from Illinois. They were telling us that the claim of Simmons that he was to be the leader in the Senate was a dream-a jokean impossibility. In a dramatic appeal Claude Kitchin said that if he could have assurance that Simmons would be with Wilson he would telegraph brother Bill to withdraw. It was a fight for place, for prominence-between the democrats of North Carolina who have always lived at the pie counter and wanted the rations

to come on. Simmons "kim to town." He packed the opera house and Simmons in the show down defeated brother Bill to a tune as inspiring as that of "O, Granny will your dog bite, no child,

And he went to Washington and the lime light was his. The great white light that beats upon a throne struck him full and fair in the face. It became the Simmons-Underwood tariff bill-as rotten as they make them and make the people believe-but Simmons was there. He has been there—there in his power and in his sincerity.

And he comes back to the people of Greensboro to whom he promised some things--and made good-although discredited by his own party and traduced by his own friends-bigger and greater than ever. ...

A full house will await him-a full house will applaud him.

The Back Seat.

All the isms have been relegated to the rear. We hear little about the great white plaguewe hear nothing about the national good roads business; infantile paralysis has taken a back seat while the candidates are being paralyzed each morning. But wait awhile, my laddies. Just a week or so, and the front page stories which have been in hiding will come again. The election news will be over.

Mr. Wilson will be defeated or he will be elected-Mr. Hughes will be elected or defeat-

We have about concluded that one of these days there should be a general uprising and the presidential election should not be allowed to happen oftener than once in eight years. Why make it such a short time-and why let a man be eligible to the second term? Cut politics out of it-so far as the main guy is concerned. Down here in North Carolina we wisely made it possible for a man to be Governor but one term, so he is elected and spends all his time trying to go to the United States Senate. But the president would have nothing higher in sight-he perhaps would pay attention to his business. The mess of politics is always sorry -and we do not progress in this regar !.

American Made Toys.

School Commissioner S. F. Tomlinson, of Charlotte, has been figuring on the proposition of making toys in America, and introducing in the public schools a toy making department to go with the manual training department. He finds that this country before the war annually yielded to Germany something like six million dollars a year for these goods, and he is of opinion that that six million can be kept at home-and thousands of children given deserving employment.

Of course the genial Major doesn't think about that Keating law-but if his toys were to become inter-state traffic, which they would, a little bright-eyed boy ten years old would be forbidden to display his art and earn an

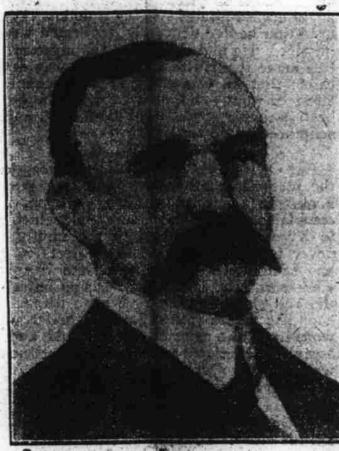
honest dime. But what the Major is talking is the right kind of talk. There is no reason why North Carolina could not make thousands of dollars worth of toys and sell them each year. There is no real reason why we should depend on a foreign nation for such trinkets-fust trinkets

-but the total aggregating millions of dollars. Perhaps it may be many years before America seriously takes up the toy making business. But with our ingenuity-with our wonderful creations on this side, there is really no reason why America could not furnish toys for her own children, but there is reason why she should amuse the world with them.

Old Man Villa.

The news again today is that doubtless Old Man Villa has broken loose. For a man on crutches-for a man with his legs shot off and his lungs gone and his head three times decapitated-Old Man Villa certainly puts up a front. The cat that had nine lives died young compared to Old Man Villa.

THEY ARE GONE SIMMONS HAD FACTS MR. COX CELEBRATES PRICES GOING HIGHER NO USE TO TALK



THE High Point Enterprise says: "One of I High Point's most progressive citizens, and a foremost figure in North Carolina, celebrated something today that not a great many persons live to enjoy. J. Elwood Cox, hale and hearty, and looking not a day older than he did when he made the race for governor of the state on the Republican ticket several years ago, is today celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of his birth. Mr. Cox did not observe the day as a holiday, rather, he was on the job as usual, if not more so, and seemingly he enjoyed being at work slightly more than on days that are not anniversaries.

"Mr. Cox was visited at his office at the Commercial National bank and was asked if he didn't have a birthday coming along some time in the immediate future.

"'This is the day; I am 60 years old,' re-plied Mr. Cox with a tinge of pride in his voice. I was born November 1, 856, he added. "'I think I should at least be complimented and congratulated upon the weather provided for the day," concluded Mr. Cox."

Coming To Town.

We are rather glad that Mr. Max Gardner is coming to town. He is one of the bright and clean young men in North Carolina-he is running for an office that is an empty honor-but there may be dreams and visions which he cherishes. We want to see him have a good crowd. But when he talks again of woman suffrage and pays his high compliments to women we want to see him stand where his conscience tells him he should stand, and not allow his managers to attempt any hedging.

Mr. Gardner, like all intelligent and progressive men of this age stands for woman suffrage-or, equal suffrage. He understands that a woman is as intellectual as a man, and he favors giving her the right to vote-simply an inherent right that man denied his own

The suffrage question is not a Paramount this year-but it will be pretty soon. And when Mr. Gardner again finds opportunity to express himself we want him to stand pat. His big speech in Raleigh which was really a wonderful effort was punctured because a few cowardly politicians attempted to explain that Gardner was not for woman suffrage. He is, or at least has so expressed himself, and we want to see him reiterate his oft expressed sentiments-and then stand pat.

Both of the great parties have gone on record. And the men of today who are really up to date are not attempting to dodge the ques-

We bespeak for Mr. Gardner a big audience and we know he will please it. He is one of the coming men of North Carolina.

Theodore In Action.

If any man has been wanting more ginger in the campaign than has been noticeable Roosevelt's Saturday night speech was not lacking in that quality. In fact it read as though a whole jar of ginger had been thrown in. He was there with his old time fire-his old time enthusiasm. But the people are discounting Teddy these days. His promise carries no hope-and his threat no fear. There was a time when he could put the fire in the boys and set a whole Nation in a thrill. But not now. His swinging away from the party and making Wilson possible was where he lost his goat. He may look for 1920-but the jig with him is up politically. However, to those who admire Art and like the picturesque in expression his last speeches are presumed to be

Senator Simmons will draw a crowd tonight. He will hand down the democratic doctrine. No particular need for the democrats to do much talking now-they have the state by at least thirty thousand-and from all indications the Congressmen will all be re-elected. But possibly they want to make the best showing ever.

The latest information arriving at this office was to the effect that Ben Lacy and Frank Linney had not met on a bloody battlefield. Just one out break and the eruption was over.

People are Wondering What We are Coming To.



ND GO where you will, on train, in hotel office or at the store, and the universal subject of conversation is the higher cost of things we need. People are talking and cussing-if they cuss-but all the time prices reach a higher point. The man with a large

family is non-plussed. He finds his clothing bill bigger; his shoe bill bigger; his coal bill bigger; his grocery bill bigger-and he knows his merchant is not to blame. He marvels, He hears them talk about prosperity-but he finds he has less money left after paying our than he had when times were said to be "hard" and he doesn't know whether or not prosperity is the

Manufacturers complain. Publishers contplain. All people complain at high prices and vet spell binders tell us to look at the prosperity of the country-and we wonder if it is

really prosperity.

But there must come a time. There will be an adjustment. There must be. What goes up must come down-a law of nature when applied to gravity-and it has been a law when applied to commerce. With eggs selling at forty cents a dozen and scarce at that, you wonder why. The tariff has been taken off of eggs and millions of dozens find their way here from China—and yet the prices are higher than ever in the history. An average pig is worth more than a horse used to be-and the man who buys the pig and pays four times what he used to pay isn't getting four times the salary he used to get. There is where the shee pinches. There is where the adjustment must come. And no man has yet been wise enough to show us how to adjust it.

Seems Some Time Yet.

We have been talking about putting in a new press and some of our friends keep asking us when it will be along. We do not know. We are receiving blue prints; we are getting information and we hope some day to be able to announce that the press has been built and shipped. We are buying a first class machine and they do not carry them in stock. The other day we saw where an order had been taken from the same company from which we are getting our press for three new ones to be delivered fifteen months hence. It takes time. The hope here is and the chances are that long before the New Year comes with its gladness and its hope The Record will be printing from its new press. But it makes no promises. It simply explains that several weeks ago it contracted with the greatest press builders in the world for a new machine, and just as quickly as it can be built it will be here. Until then we are going to wait. And if we can't wait long enough-then we are going to call in our

The Betters.

The morning papers announce that the men with money to burn are betting on Hughesabout eight to ten or ten to eight. And the papers play it up, and give the names of the men betting. Indeed, they have commissioners now who handle the coin. And on the roads in North Carolina are poor niggers hard at work in stripes because they dared to play at a game of craps. Their gambling was no more than the gamble of an election bet. They sneaked off somewhere and did their chore in secret-whereas, the news gathering agencies are telling vividly about spectacular gambling and people are saying nothing. This shows that we haven't progressed far-it shows that when the multitude wants to do something the laws we enact are nil. Funny old world in which we live-filled with funny old people and funny young people.

He Materialized.

A special from Warsaw, this state, tells us that Marion Butler was present at a political meeting. It says he was there only as a spectator-he viewed the parade of the Woodrow Wilson day, and said nothing. And this is the first time that we have seen Mr. Butler in the lime light. We have heard about him; we have read about him-but for his Very Presence to be there is something new. And to know that he only looked on as a quiet spectator-well, the Marion Butler ghost that they tried to trot in North Carolina didn't work. The wires were strung in the wrong way.

His Nerve Unimpaired.

In his talks today according to our leased wire Candidate Hughes insists that he is going to carry Indiana and Illinois.' He just has a happy way of claiming about all that is in sight-but the trouble is the other fellows are doing the same thing.

Certainly all will rejoice when we can pick up the local paper and find on its telegraph page something besides politics.

Roosevelt Trying Hard Now to Get Back



ATTERS very little now how many speeches Mr. Roosevelt may make. He may make ten or he may make a thousand, the effect of his speech-making has been measured. The question was whether or not he could bring into

line the Progressives. We take it that he did this. In other words without Roosevelt there was no progressive party. He was the whole show, therefore it becomes apparent that there was no crying demand for a new party. The people-the voters, were satisfied to fight it out between republicanism and democracy. The Bill Moose party was born of the ambition of one man. It was his hope to become the czar of America. He was defeated in his ambitionbut the fact that the party he formed went to pieces when he deserted it as he had deserted the party to which he owed all that he was showed that there never was a party of principle formed-just a party of man-worship.

Teddy's speeches have been strong. Powerful, indeed, they have been-but have they had their effect? The party known as the Moose party went to pieces the day he deserted it at Chicago. Therefore the natural thing for eighty per cent of its members to do was to come home-as the Prod came home. And they

did. But that was all. Teddy at Battle Creek, at Scranton, at Phoenix or wherever he has been has sime ply exploded some expletives. He has used his mental dynamite—but nothing fell-because he threw it in the air. His assaults on Wilson didn't receive the cheers and the hurralis of the crowd. He was asked questions which were embarrassing. There was no longer about him that touch of divinity which doth guard and protect kings. He was common clay-and as common clay they handed it to

It is our belief that had Roosevelt simply said he felt that Hughes would make a better President than Wilson-and emphasized the fact that he didn't want either of them, and gone again to the jungles where the mighty ion rears defiance to him and awaits his coming, he would have done the republican party

Thousands of Bull Moose people, led by Teddy is about all in. If Hughes is elected he cannot hope for much. If defeated he hasn't shown that he has strength, so there seems nothing for him in 1920 and we take it that he is a dead duck in the pit. And if ever the retribution came it came to him, as it should have come to him.

John M. Parker, are sore. They see that if Hughes is elected it is in an indirect way a Roosevelt victory, and they will on November 7th vote for Wilson in order to rebuke the man who failed to accept their nomination after they had journeyed to Chicago to nominate

Tomorrow Night.

At midnight tomorrow night the whiskey business in Virginia is outlawed. No matter how much has been invested or is invested, the people said at the polls that on a certain day the business must cease—that to continue it was unlawful, and therefore all the bar rooms, all the mail order houses and all the makers of the stuff must quit.

And they know it and they are quitting. This will help North Carolina materially. It has been easy to order whiskey and to transport whiskey into this state just because it was over the border. But now we are on an island, so to speak, not only prohibition ourselves, but entirely surrounded by prohibition states, and the man with his automobile will be obliged to travel further. Of course the mail order business will flourish as long as any state is wet, but pretty soon all states will be dry. It is coming-and coming rapidly.

Just A Couple.

After tomorrow there will be but two more months in this year of 1916-and it seems somehow that it just swung into the beach a few months ago. But ten months will have gone, and then another start. We yet have the election; Thanksgiving and Christmas-three important days. But the question is: Have you done this year any where near half what you expected to do-what you wanted to do? If there are yet some omissions you still have time. Not perhaps time to make the money you foolishly thought you could make but there is time to speak that kind word; to do that little favor-to make brighter some home or lighter some heart. Remember the days pass rapidly—and tomorrow never comes. Let this year give you something to your credit. In exty days one can do as much.

Those wanting a soft drink tomorrow must remember the early closing hours.